

That pic in Mel paper President from rear? Nappyhair and jug ears.
Picanniny Central!

I'd be more careful saying...

What for? Only you here.

They say...don't trust anybody.

Hell I trust you. Why you were queer before it became fashionable.

In the present atmosphere, I don't think you could blackmail me on that.

Leaving the dancing fairies behind, I got enough on you to put
you into Leavenworth.

Bit of hyperbole there I do think.

You Do? Well I don't! Repeat it!

Oh come on now, it ain't a game.

Repeat it!

You got enough on me to put me in Leavenworth.

Language can have such beautiful melody!